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The Week

ON May 23rd many of the leading newspapers of the country printed an Associated Press dispatch from Washington which claimed to outline in an authoritative manner the policy which the State Department proposed to use in dealing with Mexico. The dispatch declared that Mr. George T. Summerlin, counsellor for the American Embassy in Mexico City, was starting for his post and that he was taking with him a memorandum defining the conditions with which the Obregon government would have to comply in order to obtain recognition. The conditions were drastic and included a number of changes in the Mexican constitution proposed by Senator Fall's sub-committee. Some days later the same papers carried an Associated Press dispatch from Mexico City, dated May 27th, stating that Mr. Summerlin would confer with President Obregon the next day and discuss with him the question of the recognition of the new Mexican government by the United States. It then declared categorically that Mr. Summerlin was not presenting an ultimatum to the Mexican government which called for an agreement between the two governments as to the conditions upon which recognition might be extended. There was nothing in the memorandum to offend the susceptibilities of the Mexican nation and it did not embody the terms proposed by Senator Fall's sub-committee. If the first of these dispatches was true the second was false. Which of the Associated Press correspondents was deceiving the American public?

THE falsification of the news is in this case sufficiently flagrant and sufficiently serious to demand an investigation by the State Department and the publication of a report. It is particularly flagrant and serious if, as seems probable, the first dispatch from Washington was not true. For in that event the Associated Press did not merely communicate false information to the American newspapers about a very important matter of public policy, but it increased enormously the difficulty of the delicate and momentous negotiation which the State Department is now undertaking in Mexico City. It is essential for the renewal of good relations between the two countries and for the future security of the Mexican government that Obregon be recognized by the United States. It is also essential that recognition be preceded by an understanding between the two governments which would pledge Obregon to treat Americans somewhat better than they were treated by Carranza. But both the form and the substance of such an understanding offer many opportunities and even many temptations to disagree. Mexican public opinion is sensitive and suspicious and would resent concessions on the part of its government which involved any abatement of its independence or any compromise of its sovereign dignity. The publication of the first dispatch has aroused its sensitiveness and it will scrutinize any agreement between its own government and that of the United States with an apprehensive and unfriendly eye. In this case, consequently, the false news, if it were false, was a grave embarrassment to American diplomacy. Assuming, as we have every reason to assume, that the State Department is seeking an

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amicable arrangement with Mexico, the false announcement raises formidable barriers in the way and this in all probability is precisely the result it was intended to produce.

SENATOR BORAH is entitled to immense credit for the persistence and the ability with which he has forced from reluctant officials a conference among the three chief naval Powers on joint disarmament. Considering the state of public opinion in two of the three countries the conference is likely to result in some reduction of expenditure on new construction. For if the conferees fail to agree upon a reduction it will be most embarrassing for the governments to explain their failure. They can only do so by alleging reasons which will not under the circumstances bear inspection. The announcement of the date of the conference will be eagerly awaited, and it is not unreasonable to expect either that an agreement will be reached or that the government which prevents an agreement will be exposed in an unfavorable light.

WHEN a plebiscite is employed to determine the nationality, not of a province as a whole, but of the several divisions of a province, the tendency to gerrymander is very nearly irresistible. By making the units larger or smaller, of one shape or another, the results may be materially changed. That is the reason why French policy, which seeks to give Poland as much of Silesia as possible, is opposed to the British plan of giving the indisputably Polish sections to Poland and the indisputably German sections to Germany, leaving the fate of the doubtful territory for later determination. The French would like to stretch the influence of the heavy Polish majorities of the southeast by including as much disputable territory as can be included while still preserving a slight Polish majority. Of course they are against applying the same principle in favor of the Germans in the territory where they predominate heavily. The fact is that if the Germans were given the benefit of this principle the whole of Silesia would go to them.

INDUSTRIAL Silesia, where neither the Poles nor the Germans have an outstanding majority, is essentially cosmopolitan both in population and in function. It is the point where the Polish, Ruthenian, Czecho-Slovakian and German populations converge. Any extensive industrial development would draw workers from all four peoples, besides attracting Rumanians and Magyars from the near hinterland. The natural markets for Silesian industry lie also in a half-dozen countries. If the Silesian question were to be solved on broad principles of European interest, neither Germany nor Poland would be permitted to use Silesian coal and industry for nationalistic purposes. Industrial Silesia would be neutralized, with the neighboring states pledged to a moderate customs régime and enjoying equal treatment in the supply of Silesian products. That, of course, is something that neither Poland nor Germany wants. Each country wants Silesia as an instrument of economic strategy. A division of the industrial territory which will render each nation fairly independent of the policy of the other is probably the best solution that can be arrived at, with European statecraft at its present low ebb. But that is not the solution that promises the highest development of Silesian resources, nor the greatest benefits to Central Europe.

WHEN the New Republic recently expressed the hope that the Soviet government would release the Americans now imprisoned in Russia it was relying on a certain reasonableness hitherto discernible in the attitude of the Soviets, and recognizing at the same time the unreasonableness of the position of our government. According to the newspapers the State Department has again asserted the release of American prisoners in Russia as a condition precedent to recognition of the Soviet government and to "friendship" between the two countries. It does not state that this is the only condition. It does not promise any result from such action. It does not say anything about citizens of Russia in this country subjected to brutal outrage, imprisonment, and deportation by agents of the Department of Justice. Among the seven Americans actually imprisoned in Russia it does not make any distinction, in the cases of Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Kalamatiano, who are accused of being implicated in counter-revolutionary movements and espionage, or of Captain Kilpatrick, who was a combatant on the Baltic front, later captured in Red Cross uniform with Wrangel. It does not make any concession in view of the fact that apart from the seven, the other hundred and twenty-odd "prisoners" are in most cases free from all restraint except in the matter of leaving Russia, that their sufferings from undernourishment are merely those of everyone in Russia and are partly the result of the United States blockade. No, the attitude of the United States government in using the American prisoners to maintain prejudice against Russia and as an excuse to postpone decision in the matter of trade relations is so utterly indefensible that it would be wasting time to argue about it. Accordingly we place our hope in the good sense and magnanimity of the Soviets.

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ONE thing which will be remembered to the honor of the English race when the long chapter of the Irish horror is ended is the personal protest of English officers against their hangman's work. After the Dublin Insurrection of 1916 Sir Francis Vane of Hutton, second in command of the royal forces in Ireland, went without instructions to London to warn Mr. Asquith of the results of the assassination in prison of Irish soldiers who had surrendered and Irish civilians like Mr. Skeffington who had not fought. Since his resignation or dismissal from the army Sir Francis has made frequent contributions to the press on the Irish question marked by the qualities in which the English administration is so sadly deficient, honesty, intelligence, and goodwill. Now Sir Francis Vane is joined by General Crozier who lately resigned the command of the auxiliary division of the R. I. C. when deprived of the power to enforce discipline by dismissing subordinates for crime or inefficiency.

GENERAL Crozier, like Sir Francis Vane, is prepared to put his information at the service of his government. He has the facts of the looting of the post-office at Kilkenny by auxiliaries disguised in the uniform of the Irish Republican Army; he has the confession of the cadet who murdered Father Griffin; he was present at the rehearsal of evidence intended to frame the acquittal of the officers responsible for the murder of two prisoners at Drumcondra; he has information with reference to the murder of Michael O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Limerick. If a constructive policy is conceivable on the part of England in Ireland it would seem as if suppression of crime among the British forces were a good place to begin, and that General Crozier's disclosures furnished a basis for it. A soldier who breaks through the caste system in which he is trained and acts on his own initiative in a matter of public conscience and private honor serves nobly his country—and finds his reward in ostracism. We may expect General Crozier to join Sir Francis Vane of Hutton in exile.

MAY 23rd was the day selected for the commencement exercises of the administration. Naturally chief interest centred in the pronouncements of head-of-the-class Harding, but second-boy Coolidge had a "part." Since he chose as his subject Radicalism we looked in the Times for a full report of his address, but were disappointed. Perhaps the Times blushed. From the World a few gems can be gleaned which show Master Coolidge's precosity.

> It is true that we hold to the theory of equality, not of character or possession, but equality of opportunity and equality before the law. This does not mean the government guarantees any standard of achievement to its citizens, but that in its dealings with them it will grant to all an opportunity to be heard and the right to a decision based on the evidence and the law, without favor and without prejudice. It is the belief of an American that he creates opportunity, that his achievement, his destiny, his greatness, lies not in others, but in himself.
>
> There are those who speak of overthrowing the government. In America this reduces itself to the absurdity of overthrowing the people, for here the people are the government.

These are sufficient to illustrate Master Coolidge's faithful attendance upon a school in which the platitude is nourished as a figure of speech. His style is not as Corinthian as present taste demands, but a sentence which immediately follows marks his control of a useful artifice which may be called the rhetorical glissade.

> Administrations and offices may change, have changed, as at the last election when the people entrusted their destinies to a wise and clear-visioned man from Ohio, who in their service toils on from day to day, seeking not his own, but the public welfare.

No one will dispute Master Coolidge's claim to a diploma.

ECONOMY is just now the best club with which to beat off any desirable measure of social legislation. It is being used on the Smith-Towner Maternity bill, which is now on the Senate Calendar, but is being held up in the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce by the Honorable Samuel E. Winslow, Chairman. Mr. Winslow has opposed this measure in earlier sessions, chiefly as now by playing delay against it. Now he wants more hearings, though he and every member of the committee must surely have heard enough to realize that in respect to the public concern over mothers and children the United States holds a most discreditable rank among the enlightened nations. If the bill were passed, the hard-pressed Treasury would have another financial burden thrust upon it; that is the most cogent official reason for going slow. Yes, an additional burden amounting annually to less than the sum the government spends every two hours. An honest zeal for economy would apply the shears elsewhere.

THE coolness of the Attorney-General on May Day was in agreeable contrast to the fury of his predecessor, and now the Postmaster General has followed his example. After the Masses had been re-baptized as the Liberator, Mr. Burleson crippled its circulation by the strange device of ignoring its application for second-class mailing privi-

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leges but allowing it the much more expensive distribution as third-class matter. Mr. Hays has no patience with this form of censorship: either suppress such publications entirely, he says, or give them full mailing rights. And he restores full second-class rights to the Liberator, with these words, which we recommend as an epitaph for the political tombstone of Mr. Burleson:

> The war is over. We must return to the ordered freedom. Our method of safeguarding the public welfare, while at the same time maintaining freedom of the press, has been found through a long period of stable civil liberty better for the public welfare and personal security of citizens than to establish a bureaucratic censorship, which in its nature becomes a matter of individual opinion, prejudice or caprice.

These are no empty phrases: they already have a meaning in dollars and cents. For the Postoffice Department is prepared to refund to the Liberator the loss it suffered while without second-class privileges—no less than $11,277.

BY its proposed amendments to certain sections of the Seamen's Act, the Scott bill now before Congress would strike at the safety and efficiency of steamship service on the Great Lakes. One amendment would put the firemen, who now work fifty-six hours a week, back on the old eighty-four schedule. Another would substitute "certificated life-boat men," that is men who would be required to know nothing more than how to row a boat, for experienced "able seamen." But the worst feature of the bill is its proposal to allow lake passenger steamers to carry lifeboats enough for only twenty-five per cent of their passenger and crew capacity, instead of the fifty per cent now required. Substantially this means that shipowners who now have a legal right to drown half their passengers and crew may—unless the Scott bill receives the opposition it deserves—be granted the legal right to drown three-quarters of them.

AS we go to press, the shipping strike has reached a state of partial and disordered armistice. Secretary Davis induced Admiral Benson to reduce his terms a little and the striking engineers were asked to accept a 15 per cent reduction—as before; the elimination of overtime, some modifications in the working rules, an annual ten days' vacation—frankly described in one newspaper as a "sop" to the men, and an agreement with the Shipping Board to run for a year. The engineers are divided in their opinion, the other unions will hear nothing of such terms, and the shipowners—whose association on May 18th swore that it "would not hereafter have any signed agreement with any sea-going labor organization," are not pleased at the Shipping Board's year-long contract with the men, since it would prevent any further wage reductions within that time.

Briand's Moderation

SINCE the collapse of the German military machine the gravest menace to the peace of the world has been the determination of the French militarists to exploit Allied victory to the imperial aggrandizement of France. With Germany disarmed, economically enslaved, threatened on every frontier by hostile peoples, did not France stand forth as the greatest military power on the continent? If, further, Germany could be dismembered, with the south backed by French influence against the north, would not French military preponderance become permanent? The argument seemed plausible to the militarists, who now, as in times past, inevitably overestimate the value of force and underestimate the recuperative capacity of conquered peoples. What made this play of the military fancy so dangerous was that under the panic of Bolshevism the nation had elected Chambers easily controlled by the militarists. Without their approval, it has appeared, no French government could stand. Therefore Briand, though representing the groups farthest away from the militarists, was forced to adopt a tone of menace and provocation that would have been appropriate to Poincaré or Tardieu.

But now has not Briand come out for a moderate policy, a policy of peace and European reconciliation? And have not the Chambers sustained him by a vote of 403 to 163, and the press fallen into line behind him? That at least is the impression given by the dispatches from Paris for the last week of May. If the government of France has actually had a change of heart, the event is of the greatest significance. We should have a right to hope that the tangles of the peace settlement had at last begun to dissolve. It is worth inquiring more precisely into just what has happened.

Let us recall that French policy and British have for months been divided over the question of indemnity and the question of Silesia. The French have exhibited a desire to make the indemnity as heavy as possible, with the ill-concealed hope that Germany would refuse to pay and so justify the seizure of the Ruhr basin and the economic throttling of Germany. British policy has sought to fix reparations at a figure which would not justify German resistance. In the London ultimatum, with its limitations upon the amount of the indemnity on which interest should accrue from the outset, British policy was in the main victorious. On the question of Silesia, French policy has sought to give Poland the benefit of every doubt. British policy has been much less hostile to Ger-

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many. Because of this conflict of policy Briand refused to enter a conference for the settlement of the Silesian question, until he should have assured himself of the support of the Chambers. He has that support now. On what sort of program?

In respect to the reparations question, the motion before the Chambers held strictly to the terms of the London ultimatum. The Chambers voted confidence in the ability of Briand to exact from Germany the sums fixed by the Reparations Commission, and in his determination to apply force in case of Germany's defaulting. The moderation of this action consisted solely in the fact that the Chambers do not appear to be seeking for pretexts to invade the Ruhr, but would be better pleased if Germany lived up to her engagements. In the matter of Silesia the Chambers voted confidence in the government's will to carry out the letter and the spirit of the Versailles Treaty.

Briand did not propose to cut off those parts of the indemnity that will never be paid and exist only as a handicap upon German economic recovery. He did not propose to withdraw the Allied troops to the Rhine. He did not propose to remove the vexatious and iniquitous customs lines separating the Rhine Province from the rest of Germany. Nothing that Briand proposed represented a step toward softening the terms Germany was forced to subscribe to under pain of invasion. He agreed, and the Chambers agreed, not to seek pretexts for imposing harsher terms. In itself that would appear to be but mediocre progress.

But there is considerable significance in the statements Briand made in the defence of his policy. For the first time since the war, it is admitted by a French statesman that there is such a thing as German good faith, worth cultivating, if not to be relied upon absolutely. What is still more important, the French government recognizes that the future safety of France depends on her success in keeping her relations with her allies unbroken. It is worth quoting Briand's words:

> In the present world crisis no people can live alone. As long as I am on the bridge I will not send our ship upon the rocks. I shall never act so that France finds herself as in 1815 and 1871. I can never forget that in the World War England came to our side, and America came, and others came . . . . This splendid union must be maintained.

At last the French government has come to realize that France can not afford to let herself be isolated. At last she has discovered that the French jingoes, with their immoderate ambitions for European hegemony, are rapidly alienating public opinion in England and America. The French government has learned that it is necessary at least to affect a tone of moderation. Perhaps that is all that has happened, as yet. Nevertheless, the acceptance of the necessity of appealing to Allied public opinion, of conserving Allied support, opens the way for a diplomacy of reconciliation. American financial opinion, Briand has stated, has already affected the European situation for the better. If American diplomacy is exerted energetically in the coming months, the present moderation of French policy, still chiefly apparent, may be transformed into a substantial reality.

The Debts of the Allies

IT has come to be generally recognized that among the problems of society which are a legacy of the war, the existence of large international obligations constitutes one of the most difficult. These obligations are of two kinds, the loans among the Allied nations, of which the United States and England are the chief creditors, and the German indemnity. Already the discussion of the German indemnity has passed beyond the question of what Germany ought to pay to that of what she can pay, and further in what form her payment can be received. The discussion of the obligations of the Allies to the United States is passing through precisely the same stages. The point reached by the administration in its excogitations is marked by a sentence in President Harding's address at the Hotel Commodore, on May 23rd:

> It is altogether to be hoped that in a reasonable period we may change the form of these obligations and distribute them among all the people.

A day or two later the Tribune contained an interview with an official of the Treasury elaborating the suggestion. The foreign loans are, it appears, to be converted into long term debentures. After the bonds are delivered the United States government will undertake their distribution among "all the people." In the character of "honest broker" it will guarantee both principal and interest—indeed such guarantee is recognized as a primary condition of the success of the flotation. The bonds may be exchanged for Liberty bonds, or sold, and the proceeds used to retire the latter, thus shifting the interest charges of the United States to its debtors. Negotiations are now under way, it appears, with Great Britain with a view to refunding the largest share of the debt, $4,277,000,000, and arrangements with France, Italy, Serbia, Greece, and Russia will follow.

Undoubtedly Mr. Harding is looking toward the great refunding operations of 1923 made necessary by the maturity of the Victory bonds, which

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with other maturing obligations will raise the whole transaction to something approaching in magnitude to the funding of the entire Allied obligations of $10,000,000,000. He may have had in view the forthcoming issue of German reparation bonds, and the unconcealed expectation of foreign bankers that they will find a market in the United States. His speech may have been intended as preliminary artillery practice to break up this offensive, or as barrage laid down in front of a financial counter-offensive, a warning to foreign treasuries that before the German bonds, a priority exists in the American market for obligations in which the United States is more directly interested.

In any case the plan is that of a financier rather than an economist. It takes no account of the conditions underlying international economy. It has been repeatedly shown during the last two years that the only way in which large payments can be made by one economic unit to another is in goods. The same difficulty which attends the payment of the German indemnity applies to the obligations of the Allies to the United States, and with greater force, for the German indemnity is supposed to represent values actually destroyed in war and calling for replacement while the obligations of the Allies represent the overplus of our productive machinery, geared to its highest under the stimulus of the war. The interest charges, not less than $500,000,000, and any payments on the principal must be made by excess of imports into the United States from countries which hitherto have been buyers rather than sellers. How unwilling the United States is to comport itself as a creditor nation is shown by the rapidity with which the tariff wall is being reared against foreign countries. The high rate of exchange between such countries and the United States is recognized as one of the misfortunes of war, a condition which is being slowly rectified. Now the debts of the Allies, on which hitherto no interest has been paid and which have therefore played no part in keeping up the rate of exchange, are to be invoked to give a quasi permanent character to what was deprecated as a temporary infelicity.

But the chief objection to the plan of funding and distributing the obligations of the Allies among "all the people" is political. It distributes not only financial dues but also spiritual relations. At the present time the obligations are between governments, and partake of the impersonal character of such abstractions. Although the weight of the debt falls in concrete form upon the American taxpayer, it is a collective burden. No one is aware of his exact share of it, and thus it is easy to secure agreement to a postponement or a cancellation of interest. Public sentiment in the United States is not in favor of foregoing the principal, but it is clearly opposed to any rude methods of collection. There is both a certain scepticism as to the advantage accruing to the taxpayer from any payment which the debtor nations might make to our hitherto spendthrift government, and a certain pride in a national generosity for which each citizen can appropriate the whole credit, without realizing his share of the cost. But once let the individual replace the government as the holder of a portion of this foreign loan and the people of England or France, of Greece or Serbia become his personal debtors. If they fail on the interest day he loses a portion of his investment. Even if his government steps in and pays the default, the reassumption of the burden to be borne by taxation will be a cause of impatience and irritation far greater than the original load.

Undoubtedly the present status of the debts, as Mr. Harding says, "is not a good form in which to hold the obligations of one people to another people." It has, however, its advantages. Unquestionably the power of this financial leverage might have been used and might still be used to enforce wise policies of reconstruction and rehabilitation in Europe. The chance that this power will be used wisely is perhaps no longer very great; the chance that it will not be used at all is considerable; the chance that it will be misused is practically nothing. But with the loans divided among American investors, the temptation to use the financial influence of the United States in Europe for material and selfish ends may become a source of mischief. The United States government will be obliged to support the governments and policies of Europe which promise best results from the point of view of foreign investors.

Especially will this be the case when Germany is in question. The ability of the Allies to pay either interest or principal is practically dependent on the collection of the German indemnity. Now, as everyone agrees, the attempt of the Allies to fix this indemnity at a sum beyond what in reason can either be paid or received is the chief cause of the continuing unrest in Europe. Hitherto the United States has been able to stand aloof from such efforts and, it may be suspected, to exert a moderating influence upon the Allies. With citizens of the United States holding bonds the value of which may turn out to depend on the coercion of Germany what chance will the government have to act as moderator? An immediate widely-spread financial interest in the cause of reaction may result in as atrocious a deflection of a true foreign policy as the French investments in Russian bonds.

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Social Creeds and Christian Truth

IN a letter published elsewhere in this issue, a correspondent, Mr. Steven T. Byington, raises a pertinent question with respect to the New Republic's recent criticism of Bishop Manning. The Church, he says, has an indubitable standing as a teacher of morality, which it derives from the intrinsic validity, independent of circumstances, of certain fundamental moral principles. But as an authoritative judge and teacher of the particular conduct which is best adapted to meet the exigencies of a given set of circumstances the Church has no standing at all. This objection, he thinks, applies with peculiar force to the criticism of the New Republic. How can a journal which has leaned towards pragmatism and has disparaged the idea of seeking the sanction of human action in principles which are supposed to have intrinsic validity, independent of circumstances, consistently demand of Christians the application of magisterial principles to the industrial fabric? If the Christian Church descends from her eminence and lends her authority to fugitive decisions about hours of labor and standards of living, how can she expect her utterances to be received with more deference than those of the average editor?

The question which our correspondent has raised is old, respectable and puzzling,—as old, at least, as the coexistence of religion with philosophy. Like most other important questions, it has always been easier to ask than to answer. When science and religion were happily married, as they were during the Middle Ages, good Christians congratulated themselves upon the possession of a machinery of salvation which the Church could gear up or down to meet all specific emergencies, but later, when science and religion fell out, as they did during the Reformation, confidence in this machinery broke down and it still remains to be restored. In the absence of a more satisfactory relationship between science and religion than that which now exists, it will always be difficult to derive from religious truth an authoritative way of individual and social life. To this intent our correspondent has propounded a real question to which there is no entirely satisfactory answer.

The terms in which our correspondent poses his question leave, however, much to be desired. When he identifies "moral principles independent of circumstances" with religious truth, he is shooting in the air. He abstracts moral rules and confuses them with the rich realities of religion. Moral principles have no meaning independent of the circumstances to which they are applied, and if they had, they would be irrelevant to the craving of individual human beings for salvation through contact with the truth. Had Christianity imposed on the faithful a rule which by its essential nature was incapable of any convincing adjustment to the concrete ephemeral circumstances of everyday life, it would long since have degenerated into an esoteric cult. Whatever the Christian religion is, it is not, as our correspondent asserts, a "specialty." It claims to reveal a truth which, if believed and lived, is adequate to save the believer. Even though it does not furnish to faithful Christians a gear-box which is capable of flexibly adjusting their movements to all grades and emergencies, it certainly is not a stationary or a one-speed vehicle. Considering the prevailing misunderstanding between science and religion, it may not be able positively to vindicate the unity of life and truth which religious aspiration craves, but the Christian churches cannot allow professing Christians to ignore the unity of life and truth without abandoning the historic claim of Christianity to reveal a true and an adequate interpretation of life.

Professing Christians like Bishop Manning and Mr. W. Frew Long ignore the unity of life and truth which has always distinguished the Christian religion. "It is not the function of the Church to prescribe the economic views which men hold nor the economic systems they care to adopt," said the Bishop in his recent sermon to the Diocesan Convention. To be sure, but he uses this limitation of the functions of the Church as an excuse for discounting the discrepancy between industry as it is now conducted and the Christian vision of the Kingdom of God on earth; and he does this specifically for the purpose of protecting the abuses of existing business from the destructive effect of affirmative Christian ideals. He and his like, consequently, expose a vulnerable flank to an indictment of Christianity made by an East Indian friend of Mr. R. H. Tawney and repeated by him in an address delivered last January in Glasgow at a Church Conference on international and missionary questions.

"What bewilders the alien observer," said this critic of applied Christianity, "is not the occasional aberrations of the Christian nations but their habitual conduct and organization; not their failures but their standards of success; not their omission to live up to right principles but their insistence that wrong principles are right. Your religion (he said) is a noble if paradoxical creed, which affirms that all men are brothers; that humility and pover-

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ty are blessings and riches a dangerous misfortune; that the way of service and self-sacrifice is the way of happiness. I do not blame you for not reproducing those theories in your practice. Evidently they are not meant for daily life. What surprises me, however, is that you erect into a system the duty and happiness of practising precisely the opposite. The normal condition of your social order is an economic civil war, which you hardly take the trouble to conceal. Your industrial system involves the regimentation of the masses of mankind by a few thousand rich men, who are individually, no doubt, innocuous, but who quite frankly regard their subjects as somewhat rebellious and inconvenient instruments of production. . . . Your creed is exalted but your civilization is a nightmare of envy, hate and uncharitableness. I would forego the former in order to escape the latter."

Admitting the exaggeration of the indictment as it proceeded from Mr. Tawney's Indian friend, it remains none the less dangerously true. If we look back over the moral and social history of the western peoples since capitalism has dominated their institutions and behavior, we can trace clearly an increasing secularization of conduct, thought and spirit and an increasing disposition to look upon religious truth as something which can be ignored with impunity. It was the waning authority of Christianity and the necessity of reasserting its power over the human conscience and imagination which has resulted in the recent attempts on the part of the churches to block out "social creeds" and to give new vitality to the conception of a Kingdom of God in this world. The New Republic believes warmly in the value of these attempts and sincerely hopes that the pure-hearted men and women who have started them will not flinch at the opposition they have aroused. They are wholly justified in attempting to arouse the Christian conscience, not merely to the abuses of power and to the mutilation of humanity which are perpetrated in the name of economic law but to the gradually increasing social cleavage between the class which profits from the abuses and the class which does not.

Christian economic reformers cannot, however, afford to ignore the difficulty to which our correspondent calls attention. As soon as they seek to translate the repugnance which they feel at the toleration in the name of Christianity of the existing conduct of industry into a specific Christian industrial creed, their crusade suffers a damaging loss of authority and momentum. They cannot deduce the minimum wage, the eight-hour day and collective bargaining from the Gospels without risking the precious authority of Christian truth on the immediate availability and adequacy of a fugitive and doubtful experimental program. There are persuasive reasons to be urged in favor of assuming this risk. The discrepancy between the existing conduct of industry calls for something more than an indignant protest, and a Christian way of life if it is to be taken seriously requires the formulation of a concrete program. But the Christian industrial reformers who push on to formulate a concrete program should understand the weakness of their resulting position. Their program is at present an experimental compromise about which Christians may differ without being damned. Essential as the formulation of such a program is to the vitality of their agitation, it counts only as a pious opinion which the Christian churches have no authority to impose upon dissenters.

If Christian economic reformers are serious in their desire to Christianize the economic and political conduct of contemporary nations, they cannot stop with what our correspondent correctly describes as an editorial expression of opinion. Their social creed, even though carefully considered and formally adopted by many different denominations, remains an editorial expression of opinion for one obvious reason. It is the expression of a fragmentary and imperfect knowledge which is separated by a yawning gulf from valid accepted and authoritative Christian truth. Since capitalist industry has come to dominate civilized societies, scientific inquiry has brought to light a great deal of knowledge about human nature both in its individual and social expression which Christians could and should use in adjusting their religion to the needs of contemporary life, but as yet the corporate Christian consciousness is blind both to the existence of this knowledge and to its useful relationship to Christian truth. Christian reformers have not yet braced themselves to deal with the better knowledge of man which naturalism as distinguished from supernaturalism is unfolding. It is this evasion which chiefly accounts for the existing gulf between science and religion.

The criticism of Mr. Tawney's East Indian friend applied with peculiar force to those Christians who ignore the clear violation of the spirit of Christianity and the precepts of the Master which modern industry authorizes and practises, but it is not irrelevant to contemporary Christianity at its best. As he says, the "standards of success" of good Christians in relation to their own interpretation of the truth of Christianity are partly to blame. They differ too much among themselves as

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to the obligations and the meaning of their religion in relation to the art and discipline of life. Their differences concern not only superficial matters such as temporary "social creeds" but the very nature of goodness in relation to truth.

Until recently the intelligent members of the Christian churches agreed substantially to recognize the authority of one particular interpretation of the good life. This recognition of an authoritative way of living did not, of course, necessarily bring with it loyalty in practice to the ideal, but it did imply substantial agreement among good people as to what the ideal was. The true interpretation differed at different periods in the history of the Church. The Catholic regimen and rule was abandoned by the Protestants who objected both to the asceticism which it demanded of the priests and the laxity which it permitted to laymen. They substituted a new interpretation vaguely described as Puritanism; and it was the general recognition of the authority of Puritanism as a way of life which has given integrity to Protestant Christianity and neutralized the effect of the trivial but stubborn doctrinal disagreements among its sects. Protestantism, consequently, owes much to Puritanism, and has not in name abandoned its earlier allegiance to the Puritan rule of life. Yet as a matter of fact much of this allegiance is at the present time shallow, uneasy or merely nominal. The devotees of this world, both interested and disinterested, have much more to say for the object of their devotion than they had in the middle of the seventeenth century. Modern science and technology have made the world wear a very different aspect, and its different appearance has deprived of its former authority much of the "other-worldliness" and the distrust of human nature which bulked so large in the Puritan vision of Christian life.

Intelligent Christians of today are bound to be more interested in this world and to expect more from human nature than did the good Christians of the previous centuries. While recognizing, as their predecessors did, the unique importance of purity and continuity of consciousness (the Kingdom of God within) they are repulsed by the manifest failings of Puritanism—its unfortunate marriage with the doctrine of human immutability and depravity, its disposition to impose exclusive moral judgments and penalties by compulsion on oneself and on others and its willingness to impress self-righteous moral fanaticism into the service of arbitrary class and personal moral prejudices. They are seeking a more natural and less otherworldy meaning for the religious task of human fulfillment and regeneration. In fact these very Christians who have interested themselves in drawing up church "social creeds" also tend to depart from the old pugnacious Puritan moralism. Their "social creeds"imply a more genial conception of the good life, based upon a more fluid conception of human nature. Yet in spite of these profound alterations in their moral values, they have not reinterpreted Puritanism in the light of their new interest and their better understanding of human nature. For the first time in its history the Christian consciousness does not frankly and fearlessly confess and proclaim what it means by a Christian way of life.

Under the circumstances we can hardly blame Protestants who are interested primarily in the preservation of their existing churches for shirking the task of reinterpretation. They fear the grave dissensions which would follow from the attempt to incorporate a larger infusion of naturalism and the results of a really disinterested scientific investigation of human nature into the authoritative Christian rule of life. But Christian economic reformers should recognize the penalty of the evasion. The lack of a recognized Christion conception of the good life, both individual and social, renders it almost impossible for them to obtain the moral leverage which they need to succeed in their task of Christianizing industry. As long as the moral values which good people apply to contemporary problems of living are so arbitrary and subjective and as long as the wrong is so generally and so hopelessly confused with the right, the Christian churches will continue to fumble their opportunities and responsibilities. Dedicated as they are to the ideal of unifying life and truth, they will not be paying the price which the sincere realization of that ideal imperiously demands.

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Presenting Mr. Will Hays

WILL HAYS doesn't belong in the Post Office Department. He ought to be out at the Bureau of Standards in the case in the vault with the meter bar and the kilogram from which all our standards of weights and measures are derived. For Mr. Hays is a standard of measure and of value himself. He is the 100 per cent American we have all heard so much talk about. Submit him to any test and you get a perfect reaction. He doesn't even stain the litmus paper. Apply any native or domestic standard and he complies with it to a hair line. He is as indigenous as sassafras root. He is one of us. He is folks. As such I like him and as such I sing him.

I have noted a lamentable disposition in certain quarters to speak lightly of Mr. Hays. This must stop. When we make light of him we make light of and decry our peculiar national institutions, our native civilization. He is a human flivver, the most characteristic native product; a two-cylinder single seater, good for more miles per gallon than any other make of man. He takes you there and brings you back, in the blessed phrase, thus satisfying a great national ideal. He is as much a national institution and as purely native as the practice of buying enlarged crayon portraits or talking machines on the installment plan.

Mr. Hays cannot be described or interpreted or treated in terms of the eminent Cato style of thing. That is not his line at all. Besides, as everybody knows, Cato was a foreigner as well as a sourball. On both counts it is a case of thumbs down for him.

Unhappily for the truth and for our present understanding of the public men about us, there has lingered through the ages a superstition that we must cling to the old classic models in observing and commenting upon statesmen and holders of high office. Under this outworn practice we must think of them as wearing togas and speaking in rotund, sonorous phrases from which one in school boy days sought out through many weary hours the gerund and the gerundive or what not, as the masters ordered. Whereas if you pick up a Congressional Record, you find them actually saying:

> The two Prussianizing influences working like comajenes to undermine the army are the classification system and the General Staff, headed by Sir John Pershing, whose ideals and methods are utterly at variance with the best traditions of America. Under these two institutions injustices sprung up during the war and are still bearing fruit. It is not service nor merit that count. Favoritism, pull, intrigue, standing in with the man above, all play a more important part than record, ability, and understanding of and power to handle men. Preference is given to men who spend their energy in flattering their superiors instead of defeating the enemy. . . .

No, you cannot make much of Mr. Hays by applying the classic standards. He derives more nearly from Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle than he does from Cato. If some alchemist in biology (if you know what I mean) could extract the essential juices from Mr. Addison Sims and all the typical Rotarians he might produce a sort of pale, synthetic Will Hays, but there still would be qualities missing. For he is an articulate emotionalist if ever there was one; a politician to his finger tips and a strong josher; a real handshaker and elbow massager. He is the English sparrow of the administration: chipper, confident, unafraid, friendly. And he behaves as such.

You must have read a paragraph, as I did, in the newspapers the other day telling how Postmaster General Hays has hung his office latchstring out in fact. The word "private" has vanished from the door and you just walk in when you want to see him. Inside you'll find a huge room with Mr. Hays at his desk in one corner and a lot of chairs scattered around. Mr. Hays will hand you his engagement list for the day and you can see for yourself how he is fixed for time, pick out your own slice of any not already appropriated and then camp in a chair across the room until your time comes. Conferences are held in sight if not in actual hearing of everybody who happens to be in the room and there is no usher, secretary, confidential clerk, messenger or other functionary to deal with.

This procedure does not apply to Senators but, then, no rule or procedure does apply to them in Washington.

You must have read also how Mr. Hays dictates to three stenographers at once and how he arrived at his office one day before any of the clerks had reported. Well, it's all true. I thought it was press agent stuff and the most perfunctory and conventional press agent stuff at that until I went down to the Post Office Department to find out for myself. But the performance is actually put on as advertised. Anyone may come in. Seats free, strangers welcome.

I am glad I was curious enough to go, for I encountered a Greek valet that Mr. Hays has in-

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herited or acquired from Colonel George Harvey. This boy—he is a mere lad—is seeing life. During the war he was an interpreter with the British forces in Mesopotamia. After the war he came to New York and got a job as a waiter in the Knickerbocker Hotel. When the Knickerbocker went out of business, Mr. Regan, the proprietor, passed the youth on to his friend, Colonel Harvey, as a valet of sorts. When the new ambassador went to London the Greek was left behind with Will Hays. But not as a valet. Never! Never! The most trustworthy and detailed accounts of American history fail to reveal a single instance where a man in or from Sullivan County, Indiana, ever needed or employed a valet to help him put on his clothes or take care of his wardrobe.

"I want to *pro*-gress," said the Greek.

"I want him to be useful," said Will Hays, and at once started him to learning typewriting on a second-hand machine.

And now as the heir of all the ages sits on the eighth floor of the Postoffice Building pegging away at "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," and contemplating his new boss, I would give a hat to know his unvarnished, actual impression of him. I may add that the Greek is not on the government payroll. He is a private venture in Americanization which is being conducted under the personal supervision and at the private expense of the Postmaster General.

Mr. Hays is at least a contemporary, if not a modernist. He believes in the form of government of the United States of America, the Presbyterian church of which he is an elder, as was his father before him, and the Republican party. He accepts and concedes the advantage of such modern things as stem-winding watches, self-starters and demountable rims. He is not hide bound. And if I may venture to introduce our native speech into these undefiled precincts, I'll tell the world that he wears snappy clothes. Not all the young men in all the spring clothing advertisements have anything on him as a nobby dresser.

He honestly believes, too, in the freedom of the press, and does not fear that Max Eastman or anybody else can make a dent, much less impede, retard or impair, the institutions and principles he cherishes. The day that I called upon him to verify his open-door policy he was considering the case of the Liberator, and we talked about it.

Mr. Hays was clearly puzzled to discover a reason or rule of action that made a publication unfit to associate in the mails with other second-class matter, but mailable at a higher rate of postage. It was no surprise when he restored the Liberator to the second-class privilege and refunded the excess postage that had been paid. Also I came away with the impression that Mr. Hays has not forgotten what he learned in his school boy days, that gas, hot air, or steam commonly are not dangerous or destructive unless confined and compressed. Given a vent they are just vapors and will do us no harm. Mr. Hays very plainly does not want to be a censor; he is sure about that.

Mr. Hays couldn't be other than what he is—a typical native product, for he comes from what Joe Mitchell Chapple would call the great throbbing heart of the country, meaning Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, which is right on the edge of the centre of population. He is not a rustic. But neither is he urban. Certainly he is not suburban, as I once thought. Groping for the right phrase, I should say he is more like a visiting Elk who knows his way about. He is forty years old. He has been in politics all his life. He is interested and engrossed in the game every day in the year. He was a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one. Being a Republican chairman of something or other has been his life career. He has been chairman of his county committee, State Advisory Committee, speakers' bureau of the State Committee, district chairman, and Chairman of the State Central Committee, and now he is chairman of the Republican National Committee. He has come to the end of the chairmanships his party has to offer. He has played out the string.

While I have not read every page of it, I know that his life is an open book, for he has been in nearly every big factional fight in Indiana for twenty years, and I have known fights out there so bitter and so searching that they were willing to go back to a man's great-great grandfather and what he had done to the Indians to get something on him. Hays has come through as clean as a smelt. He is a shrewd, lively, industrious, average human being, having a very good time out of life. He is not a great man, but, then, who is here at Washington—or anywhere else? Mostly they seem to be running in the medium sizes these days.

Mr. Hays is doing a good job in the Post Office Department. He is restoring its morale and its efficiency by great leaps. Presently, by your leave, I hope to make a detailed report on that. It is a story that deserves telling.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

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The Death of Queen Victoria

[This is the last of a series of eleven articles taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria.]

BUT if, in a number of ways, the Queen and her epoch were profoundly separated, the points of contact between them also were not few. Victoria understood very well the meaning and the attractions of power and property, and in such learning the English nation, too, had grown to be more and more proficient. During the last fifteen years of the reign—for the short Liberal administration of 1892 was a mere interlude—imperialism was the dominant creed of the country. It was Victoria's as well. In this direction, if in no other, she had allowed her mind to develop. Under Disraeli's tutelage, the British Dominions over the seas had come to mean much more to her than ever before, and in particular, she had grown enamored of the East. The thought of India fascinated her; she set to, and learnt a little Hindustani; she engaged some Indian servants, who became her inseparable attendants, and one of whom, Munshi Abdul Karim, eventually almost succeeded to the position which had once been John Brown's.* At the same time, the imperialist temper of the nation invested her office with a new significance exactly harmonizing with her own inmost proclivities. The English polity was in the main a common-sense structure, but there was always a corner in it where common-sense could not enter—where, somehow or other, the ordinary measurements were not applicable and the ordinary rules did not apply. So our ancestors had laid it down, giving scope, in their wisdom, to that mystical element which, as it seems, can never quite be eradicated from the affairs of men. Naturally it was in the Crown that the mysticism of the English polity was concentrated—the Crown, with its venerable antiquity, its sacred associations, its imposing spectacular array. But, for nearly two centuries, common-sense had been predominant in the great building, and the little unexplored, inexplicable corner had attracted small attention. Then, with the rise of imperialism, there was a change. For imperialism is a faith as well as a business; as it grew, the mysticism in English public life grew with it; and simultaneously a new importance began to attach to the Crown. The need for a symbol—a symbol of England's might, of England's worth, of England's extraordinary and mysterious destiny—became felt more urgently than ever before. The Crown was that symbol: and the Crown rested upon the head of Victoria. Thus it happened that while by the end of the reign the power of the Sovereign had appreciably diminished, the prestige of the Sovereign had enormously grown.

Yet this prestige was not merely the outcome of public changes; it was an intensely personal matter too. Victoria was the Queen of England, the Empress of India, the quintessential pivot round which the whole magnificent machine was revolving—but how much more besides! For one thing, she was of a great age,—an almost indispensable qualification for popularity in England. She had given proof of one of the most admired characteristics of the race—persistent vitality. She had reigned for sixty years, and she was not out. And then, she was a character. The outlines of her nature were firmly drawn, and, even through the mists which envelop royalty, clearly visible. In the popular imagination her familiar figure filled, with satisfying ease, a distinct and memorable place. It was, too, the kind of figure which naturally called forth the admiring sympathy of the great majority of the nation. Goodness they prized above every other human quality; and Victoria, who had said that she would be good at the age of twelve, had kept her word. Duty, conscience, morality—yes! in the light of those high beacons the Queen had always lived. She had passed her days in work and not in pleasure—in public responsibilities and family cares. The standard of solid virtue which had been set up so long ago amid the domestic happiness of Osborne had never been lowered for an instant. For more than half a century no divorced lady had approached the precincts of the Court. Victoria, indeed, in her enthusiasm for wifely fidelity, had laid down a still stricter ordinance: she frowned severely upon any widow who married again. Considering that she herself was the offspring of a widow's second marriage, this prohibition might be regarded as an eccentricity; but, no doubt, it was an eccentricity on the right side. The middle-classes, firm in the triple brass of their respectability, rejoiced with a special joy over the most respectable of Queens. They almost claimed her, indeed, as one of themselves: but this would have been an exaggeration. For, though many of her characteristics were those most often found among the middle-classes, in other respects—in her manners, for instance, Victoria was decidedly aristocratic. And, in one important particular, she was

* A favorite Scotch attendant of Victoria's.

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neither aristocratic nor middle-class: her attitude towards herself was simply regal.

Such qualities were obvious and important; but, in the impact of a personality, it is something deeper, something fundamental and common to all its qualities, that really tells. In Victoria, it is easy to discern the nature of this underlying element; it was a peculiar sincerity. Her truthfulness, her singlemindedness, the vividness of her emotions and her unrestrained expression of them, were the varied forms which this central characteristic assumed. It was her sincerity which gave her at once her impressiveness, her charm, and her absurdity. She moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible—either towards her surroundings or towards herself. There she was, all of her—the Queen of England, complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and, with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path. And not only was concealment out of the question; reticence, reserve, even dignity itself, as it sometimes seemed, might be very well dispensed with. As Lady Lyttelton said:—"There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking—not a shade of exaggeration in describing feelings or facts: like very few other people I ever knew. Many may be as true, but I think it goes often along with some reserve. She talks all out; and just as it is, no more and no less." She talked all out; and she wrote all out, too. Her letters, in the surprising jet of their expression, remind one of a turned-on tap. What is within pours forth in an immediate, spontaneous rush. Her utterly unliterary style has at least the merit of being a vehicle exactly suited to her thoughts and feelings: and even the platitude of her phraseology carries with it a curiously personal flavor. Undoubtedly it was through her writings that she touched the heart of the public. Not only in her Highland Journals, where the mild chronicle of her private proceedings was laid bare without a trace either of affectation or of embarrassment, but also in those remarkable messages to the nation which, from time to time, she published in the newspapers, her people found her very close to them indeed. They felt instinctively Victoria's irresistible sincerity, and they responded. And in truth it was an endearing trait.

The personality and the position too—the wonderful combination of them—that, perhaps, was what was finally fascinating in the case. The little old lady, with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her wheeled chair or her donkey-carriage,—one saw her so; and then—close behind—with their immediate suggestion of singularity, of mystery, and of power—the Indian servants. That was the familiar vision, and it was admirable; but, at chosen moments, it was right that the widow of Windsor should step forth apparent Queen. The last and the most glorious of such occasions was the Jubilee of 1897. Then, as the splendid procession passed along, escorting Victoria through the thronged reechoing streets of London on her progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatness of her realm and the adoration of her subjects blazed out together. The tears welled to her eyes, and, while the multitude roared round her, "How kind they are to me! How kind they are!" she repeated over and over again. That night her message flew over the Empire: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!" The long journey was nearly done. But the traveller who had come so far, and through such strange experiences, moved on with the old unfaltering step. The girl, the wife, the aged woman, were the same: vitality, conscientiousness, pride, and simplicity were hers to the latest hour.

. . .

The evening had been golden; but, after all, the day was to close in cloud and tempest. Imperial needs, imperial ambitions, involved the country in the South African War. There were checks, reverses, bloody disasters; for a moment the nation was shaken, and the public distresses were felt with intimate solicitude by the Queen. But her spirit was high, and neither her courage nor her confidence wavered for a moment. Throwing herself heart and soul into the struggle, she labored with redoubled vigor, interested herself in every detail of the hostilities, and sought by every means in her power to render service to the national cause. In April, 1900, when she was in her eighty-first year, she made the extraordinary decision to abandon her annual visit to the south of France and to go instead to Ireland, which had provided a particularly large number of recruits to the armies in the field. She stayed for three weeks in Dublin, driving through the streets, in spite of the warnings of her advisers, without an armed escort; and the visit was a complete success. But, in the course of it, she began, for the first time, to show signs of the fatigue of age. For the long strain and the unceasing anxiety brought by the war, made themselves felt at last. Endowed by nature with a robust constitution, Victoria, though in periods of depression she had sometimes supposed herself an invalid, had in reality throughout her life enjoyed remarkably good health. In her old age, she had suffered from a rheumatic stiffness of the joints, which had necessitated the use of a stick, and, eventually, a wheeled chair; but no other ail-

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ments attacked her, until, in 1898, her eyesight began to be affected by incipient cataract. After that, she found reading more and more difficult, though she could still sign her name, and even, with some difficulty write letters. In the summer of 1900, however, more serious symptoms appeared. Her memory, in whose strength and precision she had so long prided herself, now sometimes deserted her; there was a tendency towards aphasia; and, while no specific disease declared itself, by the autumn there were unmistakable signs of a general physical decay. Yet, even in these last months, the strain of iron held firm. The daily work continued; nay, it actually increased, for the Queen, with an astonishing pertinacity, insisted upon communicating personally with an ever-growing multitude of men and women who had suffered through the war. By the end of the year the last remains of her ebbing strength had almost deserted her; and through the early days of the opening century, it was clear that her dwindling forces were kept together by an effort of will. On January 14th, she had at Osborne an hour's interview with Lord Roberts, who had returned victorious from South Africa a few days before. She inquired with acute anxiety into all the details of the war; she appeared to sustain the exertion successfully; but, when the audience was over, there was a collapse. On the following day her medical attendants recognized that her state was hopeless; and yet, for two days more, the indomitable spirit fought on; for two days more she discharged the duties of a Queen of England. But after that there was an end of working; and then, and not till then, did the last optimism of those about her break down. The brain was failing, and life was gently sinking away. Her family gathered round her; for a little more she lingered, speechless, and apparently insensible; and, on January the 22nd, 1901, she died.

When two days previously, the news of the approaching end had been made public, astonished grief had swept over the country. It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought. She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her, to be divested of all thinking—to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion. Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts too. Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

"Foreigners"

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, on trial with another Italian named Sacco, for a payroll robbery and murder which occurred in Braintree a year ago, is serving a fifteen years' sentence in States Prison for an earlier attempt at a payroll hold-up at Bridgewater, of which he was found guilty last July. There are circumstances connected with his arrest and trial which suggest a grave miscarriage of justice, and if he is acquitted at his impending trial, there will be a motion to secure a new trial for the Bridgewater affair.

Vanzetti is a determined-looking man, big and powerful, and somewhat stern of expression. His features are shapely, and he has a very winning smile. His command of English is limited, but he is making use of his time in prison to study English and spelling and "arith*ma*tics," as he quaintly pronounced the word. He made no effort to converse, but responded with simplicity to my various leads. When I asked him about his home in Italy, if he thought of it often, his face lighted. "Oh, I think of it all the time. I can see my father's house and the pear tree near the door. I can see it all as if it were here." I had heard that he was esteemed by his fellows as a thinker, and as one who has his ideals much at heart. And of this, his conversation gave abundant proof.

Since I saw him in prison, I have read a little article of his which had been published in an Italian newspaper, to which he has been a frequent

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contributor. In this article, which is entitled Glimpses of My Intellectual Life, he tells how in his youth he read St. Augustine and the Divine Comedy, as a result of which reading "Humanity and Equality of Rights began to afflict my heart . . . Later I realized that the worst evil that torments Humanity is Ignorance, and Degeneration of Natural Susceptibility. My religion no longer needed an altar or a temple or formal prayers; God, to me, was the Universe, of which I felt to be an insignificant particle, the spiritual spoils of every human attribute."

At his trial in Plymouth, Vanzetti had been asked by the prosecuting officer, "Are you an Anarchist?", and his answer suggested his life story: "Well, I don't know what you call it. I am a little different. . . . I like things a little different.". . . Low wages and long hours and unemployment and rough toil have been his portion in this land where he had sought to realize his boyhood's dreams. No wonder he "likes things a little different."

The transcript of the evidence in the preliminary hearing upon which Sacco and Vanzetti were arraigned, and the transcript of Vanzetti's trial, are a matter of record of which the counsel for the defense secured a copy for use in preparing for the pending trial. (Incidentally, this made a drain upon the defense fund of some seven hundred dollars to obtain evidence which it would seem the government should have supplied gratuitously.) A more astonishing document surely never met mortal eyes.

No evidence is given showing why either Sacco or Vanzetti should have been held for the Braintree crime. If further evidence exists, the accused were given no chance to meet it. While the only evidence connecting Vanzetti with the Bridgewater affair which afforded ground for more than a surmise was that of persons who had witnessed the holdup and who claimed to recognize one of the men who had done the shooting,— a man, be it remembered, they had never seen before, and of whom they got but a momentary glance upon an occasion of intense excitement. An interval of four months had elapsed between this occasion and the first attempt at identification, and between two and three more months elapsed before the attempted identification at the trial. All but two of the witnesses, while they were fairly positive in their identification, admitted that there was room for doubt. "I think he is the man"; "I feel so,—but I may be mistaken."

Two witnesses, to be sure, were positive in their identification. One of these, about fifteen minutes before the holdup occurred, had noticed a covered motor with the windshield up, standing some distance up the street, and she claimed to have particularly observed the man at the wheel, whom she was sure was Vanzetti. But this witness was equally sure that she had seen the shooting, had seen the fire from the gun. And this she certainly did not see, as cross-examination developed the fact that a two-story building obstructed the line of vision between the scene of action and her point of observation from a window in the railroad station. Another witness, a school boy, who was equally positive that the man who fired the gun was the man before him in the dock, admitted that he got but a "fleeting glance," and the only description he could give was that "by the way he ran, I could tell he was a foreigner."

Not one witness who described the gunman made note of the unusually big mustache which is the striking feature of Vanzetti's physiognomy. The mustache of the bandit is variously described as "short," "croppy," "trimmed," "neither big nor small," "not a Charlie Chaplin mustache," "a mustache that had been cropped off at the end,—not long and flowing." When I visited Vanzetti in prison, I could discern not one single point in his appearance which had been suggested by any of the identifications.

To meet testimony which it is difficult to regard as serious, the defense produced a long line of witnesses who swore that Vanzetti had been on his accustomed fish route at Plymouth from early morning into the afternoon of the day that the holdup occurred in a city twenty-eight miles distant. The landlady who had aroused him at six o'clock when a neighbor called with an order for fish, the man who keeps a little shop nearby, the boy who helped peddle fish from the cart and thereby earned his Christmas money, nine different housewives who had bought their day-before-Christmas dinner from Vanzetti,—all offered testimony which had in it no element of discrepancy.

Such was the more important evidence both for the prosecution and for the defense, as recorded in the official transcript of Vanzetti's trial. And when, in the face of this evidence the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," one had a confused sense of non sequitur, such as one feels when a prestidigitator produces a rabbit out of a hat.

That "twelve good men and true" should have brought in so amazing a verdict, and that it should be followed by a sentence of fifteen years in States Prison, is almost incredible. Other factors *must* have been present (so it will be argued) which are not here set down. And to some degree this is true. For, however intangible and discrepant

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the evidence presented by the prosecution was in most respects, upon one point all were agreed: the man who committed the crime was "some kind of a foreigner"; he was "dark-complexioned"; he was "swarthy—like an Italian"; "he was a foreigner of some kind"; he could even be recognized as a foreigner by "the way he ran!" Similarly, there was the fact that "foreigners" were the only witnesses produced in behalf of the accused. Is this the reason that Vanzetti is serving a term of fifteen years in prison?

These things happened in the early months of 1920 when the anti-alien hysteria which had been gathering head since the war at its climax. Aliens were presumably "Reds" and "Reds" were outside the pale of law. Witnesses and court officials and jurymen of Cape Cod were presumably not immune from this mob psychology. Is this suggestion resented? In the days of the witchcraft delusion, did not the godly folk of New England see a witch in every old woman, and believe with the most perfect conviction that they beheld them riding on broomsticks across the sky?

Meanwhile working-class Italians, in these days of bitter unemployment, are taxing themselves for the defense fund with a generosity beyond the understanding of those who belong to the more protected class. One man quit a job at which he earned forty-three dollars a week, and puts in his whole time helping on the case. Another mortgaged his little home for $1,500, and gave the money to the defense fund without a hope of ever getting back one cent. Others drew out every dollar from the savings bank. Shall such as these carry the whole burden?

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

Japan's Place in the Sun

Viewed From the Orient.

VIEWED from the United States the Japanese place in the sun is bright and clear, and on that sun are no spots save possibly those of our making. We consider them a highly civilized people who have attained goals equal to our own in a remarkably short time. We admire extravagantly their art, the extraordinary production of their factories, their business and political acumen. Their prowess at arms both on land and sea has won our recognition for its modern efficiency and also for a certain romantic interest.

If we occasionally get a hint of Japanese ruthlessness of method, whether in military or political matters, we conclude that the report must be exaggerated, and because Tokio has officially made denial we rather chuckle that the Japanese got away with it—even when we also feel that they may have been to blame—and we smile at their success with indulgence as at a bad but fascinating boy. The American viewpoint reaches its climax in the negligible interest we take in the sincere friendship of the four hundred million Chinese, because, I suppose, they are not yet awake. We have made no allowance for the contingency of their awakening, considering only the present waking state of but fifty million Japanese.

Except for the misguided Californians, we think the Japanese have been shabbily treated in the immigration matter, and most of us believe this to be the Japanese question,—so much so that we have failed to recognize that the Japanese question really lies in the Orient.

I went to the Orient while still under the influence of a boyhood hero worship for the Japanese. An aunt, as well as many college friends, had been missionaries in Japan. To me these little people were a magic race. Even during my sojourn in civilian Japan I kept my boyhood estimate of them, though subconsciously the new facts revealed to me began to work. But after serving for a year with the A. E. F. in Siberia, where I saw the Japanese military machine at work, (their control of the press and their unblushing distortion of facts,) I cannot suffer in silence their prestige of innocence and greatness to go unchallenged.

As a result of Japan's control of the news coming from the Orient, her successful propaganda here, and her ability to captivate with charming entertainment every distinguished visitor to her shores, we in America have refused to believe that Japan is seriously reprehensible in anything. The sources of news from the Orient are the Kokzai (Japanese), Reuter (English), Associated Press, and the Japanese official publicity bureau. All are controlled by the Japanese. Reuter has had arrangements with the Kokzai for some time. As for the Associated Press, in Vladivostok for instance, their representative was also the agent of the militaristic Japan Advertiser, and that is why Americans today do not know of the rape of Siberia by the Japanese, nor of the anti-American propaganda edited by the Japanese in the bought Russian press of Siberia, nor of the attempted stealing of American rifles by our ally Japan.

But intelligent people in the Orient, as well as the several thousand Americans who served in Siberia, do know that four days after our forces left, Japan staged a sham battle at a given hour, in which several thousand Siberians were killed and many of the wounded finished off with bayonets. The excuse was that they were pro-

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tecting the world from Bolshevism, and the world said "Go to it then!" At Nikolaevsk their plans went wrong, and ended in a Japanese defeat, which was advertised—mainly by the Associated Press —as the "Massacre of the Japanese at Nikolaevsk by the *Bolsheviks.*"

People in the Orient remember that America has a treaty with Korea by which we agree to use our influence to maintain her sovereignty. They remember that when the Emperor of Korea sent for the help we had promised, we answered him by withdrawing our Minister from Seoul and allowing Japan to go ahead unrebuked. Japan is now holding Korea by force of conquest, though treaties, extorted by Japan at the point of the sword, declare Korean sovereignty intact. They know that the Korean Queen was murdered at the instigation of Count Miura, the Japanese minister, that thirty-three thousand natives have been killed in the process of "benevolent assimilation," that one in thirty Koreans have been jailed and one in every sixty flogged, the official Japanese "Reforms and Progress in Cho-sen" to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is known in the Orient that Japan went to war with Russia for the avowed purpose of restoring Korean and Manchurian sovereignty. She has taken both to herself. She promised to respect Russian sovereignty in Siberia. Instead she has conquered it. She promised to return Shantung to China. The same Count Hayashi who managed the destruction of Korean sovereignty is now in charge of a similar process in China.

They know in the Orient that China joined the Allies against Germany in spite of Japanese opposition, as reflected, among other things, by Viscount Ishii when he said to the European ambassadors at Tokyo, "Japan could not view without apprehension the moral awakening of four hundred million Chinese which would result from their entering the war." Subsequently, owing to Japanese influence, the offer of Chinese troops was refused, and she was allowed only the menial task of furnishing coolie labor. And while the world was busy with the war, Japan presented her outrageous "Twenty-one demands" to China, and secretly demanded immediate compliance with them. The spirit of those demands is to be found in the words of the Japanese ambassador at Peking: "Before the Chinese government determines anything, the consent of my government must first be obtained." Though at first Japan officially denied any knowledge of the matter, when the truth leaked out she finally admitted eleven of the less objectionable demands. After the war, as we all know, the peace conference rewarded China by giving Shantung to her natural enemy, Japan.

In the face of these oriental facts, Count Okuma said to the American people, through the New York Independent: "Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or other peoples of anything which they now possess." They know in the Orient that this, as well as Japan's announcement that she took Shantung from the Germans in order to restore it to China, is purely rhetoric.

It must be said in fairness to the Japanese that civilian Japan is not in sympathy with the aims of the military party, nor does this element condone their acts. A dispatch of April 26th, obscurely placed in the press, reports that M. Kamei, a Japanese newspaper correspondent stationed in China, publicly denounced the presence of Japanese troops in Shantung in these terms: "What do we gain by making ourselves the object of hatred? Did we really fight by the side of our allies with our hearts and souls in the cause? Did not many seek to take advantage of the confusion in Europe? We are in a hole today, and I think this is a just retribution for our behavior in the war."

While America has no sympathy with these militaristic aims, neither have we any resentment. For in America Japanese official propaganda, in addition to its control of the news, has taken advantage of certain phases of our psychology to extenuate anything to which we might take exception. They know of the prejudice against foreign missions, so they blame the Korean difficulties on meddlesome missionaries. They know the American and European dread of Bolshevism, and so excuse their rape of Siberia as protecting the world from Bolshevism. They know our reluctance to mix up in world affairs, so they beg a ticklish question by saying that these are purely oriental matters, best handled in an oriental way.

What has this extenuating attitude won for America? Though we fancied we were placating them, we have won the hatred of the Japanese. They are teaching their people to hate us for being the champions of principles that oppose their country's natural development. The result of a policy guided by a fear of war with Japan, has been that we have lost the trade we had built up in Korea, we have bungled the Siberian question, we have slammed shut the open door in China. We no longer have equal opportunity there, and our friendship for China was compromised when we failed them in the matter of Shantung.

America has been loath to take a firm stand against Japan because we feared a rupture that might lead to war. In this, Japanese propaganda has been successful, for, as a matter of fact, Japan

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could not risk a struggle. She is in no financial position to do so. For another thing she would have to withdraw her troops from Siberia, Korea, Manchuria and Shantung, whose outraged peoples would gladly seize the opportunity to avenge themselves. And to Japanese propaganda, also, the bugaboo that England might assist her owes much of its strength. England realizes on the contrary that the alliance has not worked and that Japan has used it to entrench herself as England's strongest competitor in the Orient. As for war, a few words from the London Spectator of May 6th clearly show the present English attitude: Australia, New Zealand, White South Africa, and Canada could be on only one side, "by the side of America." And were England to fight with Japan, "the moment they realized what had happened, ninety-nine per cent of the population would be stoning their own government for the criminal lunacy of backing Japan against their own flesh and blood."

Americans should know more of the oriental view of Japan's place in the sun and the sun spots. The Orient is the field of the next harvest of peace or war—if war, Korea would be its Belgium, China its France, Siberia its Russia and Japan its Germany. And they wonder out there if they are to benefit by the principles for which we fought in the war or if all that blood and treasure was spent in vain.

CODY MARSH.

Mr. Keynes as a Prophet

A PROPHET runs considerable risks; so perhaps he is entitled to boast a little when fortune smiles on him.

(1) In The Economic Consequences of the Peace I estimated the amount for which Germany was liable under the letter of the Treaty at $10,600 millions for damage and at $25,000 millions for pensions, making a total of $35,600 millions in all; and, in order to be on the safe side, I took the round figure of $40,000 millions as an amount "fully high enough of which the actual result may fall somewhat short." This estimate was attacked by many critics as being much too low. For example, Professor Allyn Young in your columns on February 25, 1920, a very friendly critic, thought that the liability for damage other than pensions was nearer to $20,000 millions than to my figure of $10,600 millions. French critics alleged much higher figures than this, and M. Klotz, speaking on behalf of the French government, put the total figure at $75,000 millions. Very strong language has been used about me in many quarters because I accused the French government of gravely overstating their claims.

In the meantime it has been the duty of the Reparation Commission to collect the figures and to submit them to a judicial examination, and on May 1, 1921, they announced the result,—namely $34,250 millions in all. My figure of $35,600 millions was, therefore, not very far out, and, so far from being unduly low, was, as I intended it to be, a little too high.

(2) The Treaty provided for certain specific deliveries from Germany prior to May 1, 1921, and these were estimated in Paris at a prospective value of $5,000 millions. I criticized this, and put the value at a maximum between $1,650 millions and $2,150 millions; this was exclusive of current deliveries of coal, etc., which I offset against the credits Germany would require for food—which has proved broadly correct. Inclusive of coal, etc., the Reparation Commission now put the figure at $2,000 millions. My totals are probably more correct than the details; but my judgment, as to the general magnitude of the figures involved, is proved to be right.

(3) I estimated that the balance available on May 1, 1921, after deducting the cost of the Armies of Occupation and food credits, would be about $500,000,000. The Reparation Commission announced a few days ago that they put such balance up to date at exactly this figure.

My estimates have turned out so very close to the facts, that some element of luck in my favor has evidently entered in; but, after all, I have been competing not with other reasoned estimates but, to a large extent, with random and insincere talk indulged in for political purposes, and with persons who were more concerned to shield their characters from the least taint or allegation of pro-Germanism than to triumph at a later date as statistical experts.

My other forecasts still lie in the future. In particular, I estimated that the highest amount which Germany could pay annually over a term of years was $500,000,000, though I expressed the further opinion that it would not be politic on our part to attempt to exact so much. The politicians still talk of vastly higher figures than this; but their ideas are moving downwards with a satisfactory velocity. I still predict that the day will come when everyone will recognize that the sum named above is the utmost that the Allies can ever hope to receive; and that to disturb the peace of Europe, in the hope to obtain, or rather in the pretence of hoping to obtain, the moon, would be an act of wickedness and folly.

J. M. KEYNES.

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Books and Things

I HAVE several reasons for wondering why no candidate for a Ph. D. has ever chosen, as the subject of his thesis, the late Jacob Abbott, born 1803, died 1879. None of these reasons is better than another. All are good. In the first place, nobody now alive, not even Mr. E. V. Lucas, has read Jacob Abbott's complete works, which run to more than two hundred books. Judging from my own studies, which have been rather intensive than extensive, it is impossible to infer from what one has read in Jacob Abbott the nature of what one hasn't. To students of the Rollo Books only, which in spite of their many good points have won and kept, I cannot help thinking, more attention than they deserve, the greater richness and light-heartedness of the first Franconia Stories will come as a surprise. Knowing nothing of my author save these two series, and these but incompletely, I cannot divine just how he has written, in his Illustrated Histories, the lives of Maria Antoinette, Nero, Xerxes the Great and Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Or am I confounding the two Abbotts, Jacob and John S. C.?

Several acres of thesis might easily be covered with research into Jacob Abbott's anti-feminism, which was deep-seated, tranquil and self-assured. In few writers is woman's sphere so firmly defined. She can no more escape from it than a gold-fish can grow wings and fly away from his sphere in the front parlor. She does not wish to escape. When Mary Bell began work on her grotto and the road thereto "she was quite young, and she then had no objection to working diligently in the open air, lifting and carrying stones, and digging in the ground. But when she became eleven and twelve years old, her taste changed in respect to such labors. She began to consider them too masculine, that is, too boyish, for her; and though she still took great interest in such improvements, she no longer undertook to execute them with her own hands." And how cheerfully does Mary Bell, when she and Malleville and Wallace have been abandoned, ten miles from home, through the heartless caprice of Caroline, "a young lady residing in the village, thirteen years old," how meekly does Mary Bell put herself at his behest, into Wallace's hands: "Mary Bell, finding that she could do no more, resigned herself to her fate, which was to be wholly dependent upon Wallace's ingenuity and energy for the means of getting home. She began to find, in fact, that it was very pleasant to be in such a situation, now that her mind was relieved from all sense of responsibility in respect to it." Woman's sphere is the home, you perceive, even when she doesn't know how to get there.

Animal psychology in Jacob Abbott, with especial reference to the differences, if any, in the psychology of wild and that of domesticated quadrupeds—there might be a whole chapter on that. In a paragraph I can but scratch the surface. A sheep, whose lamb a great black bear has carried off, "instead of flying toward the house, ran toward the dark and gloomy thickets where her lamb had so mysteriously and dreadfully disappeared, determined to attack the unknown enemy with the utmost fury, if she could overtake it, whatever it might be." Even more worthy are the mental operations of the dog Carlo, when he sees preparations making for a journey: "Carlo said nothing, but concluded quietly, in his own mind, that he would go too. It was plain to him that some expedition was on foot; and although he had no idea of the nature or object of it, except that it was evident that the horse and wagon were going, he determined to join it, whatever its destination might be." Everything we learn about Carlo has its interest: "Carlo had, in fact, a great contempt for play of every kind, and he knew very well when children called him merely out of idle caprice. When, on the other hand, any real emergency occurred, and there was any actual service to be rendered, he felt, at once, the dignity of the occasion, and all his energies were immediately aroused."

Literary influences? Anything doing? I think so, although I don't go so far as to adapt Mark Pattison and say that the reward of consummate scholarship is an appreciation of the Rollo Books. But look at the first parallel I happen to come across, between Jacob Abbott and Plato:

SOCRATES: The value of a plaything does not consist in itself, but in the pleasure it awakens in your mind. Do you understand that?

GLAUCON: Not very well.

SOCRATES: If you should give a round stick to a baby on the floor, and let him strike the floor with it, he would be pleased. You would see by his looks that it gave him great pleasure. Now, where would this pleasure be—in the stick, or in the floor, or in the baby?

GLAUCON: Why, in the baby.

SOCRATES: Yes, and would it be in his body, or in his mind?

ADEIMANTUS: In his face.

GLAUCON: In his eyes.

SOCRATES: You would see the signs of it in his face and in his eyes, but the feeling of pleasure would be in his mind. Now, I suppose you understand what I said, that the value of a plaything consists in the pleasure it can awaken in the mind.

GLAUCON: Yes, Socrates.

ROLLO: Mother, do you wish really to convince us that it is on every account better to be just than to be unjust, or only to seem to convince us?

MRS. HOLIDAY: If it were in my power, I should prefer convincing you really.

ROLLO: Then you are not doing what you wish. Let me ask you: Is there, in your opinion, a class of good things of such a kind that we desire to possess them, not because we desire their consequences, but simply welcoming them for their own sake?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes, I certainly think there is a class of this description.

ROLLO: Well, is there another class, do you think, of those which we value, both for their own sake and for their results?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes.

ROLLO: And do you further recognize a third class of good things, which we should describe as irksome, and yet beneficial to us; and while we should reject them viewed simply in themselves, we accept them for the sake of the emoluments, and of the other consequences which result from them?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes, undoubtedly, there is such a third class also: but what then?

Such a parallel is significant without being deadly, nor would its significance have failed to appear even if I had not taken the liberty of swapping the rôles of Mrs. Holiday and Socrates, of Rollo and Glaucon, and of giving Adeimantus a speech more properly belonging to Rollo's Cousin James.

I have left to the last the great subject, the most entic-

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ing of all the subjects suggested by Jacob Abbott, that return upon himself which I have always regarded as one of the finest things in literature. The virtue of the Rollo Books is to tell us how to do things, how to split a heavy log, how to build a causey. Their vice is to offer us moral instruction without enough disguise. And Mr. Abbott, although when engaged upon the Rollo Books he did apologize, or almost, because "there are many pages in which there is no direct effort made to convey moral instruction," came some ten years later to understand that these many pages had been too few. Thereupon he wrote the Franconia Stories, more populous and more varied than the Rollo Books. In these later stories the moral tone is the same as ever, but the lessons are poured more gently into the funnels of the ear. We enjoy the seasons at Franconia, the topography, the landscape. We feel, strange to say, the presence of what is nowadays known as sex interest or sex appeal. We make the acquaintance of Beechnut, who is to Jonas as verse is to prose. How came Jacob Abbott to make so new and so happy a departure from his earlier method? That is the great subject, which I hand over, not without envy and reluctance, to students who have access to the manuscript sources.

But Jacob Abbott has secrets that nobody can tell us. By what happy tact does he keep his children, exposed though they be to so many moral influences, so lifelike? They talk a language childhood doesn't use, to be sure, but the questions they ask in it are such as almost any child wants answers to. Their behavior is natural. They learn none of their lessons, school lessons or moral, with unnatural ease or unnatural pleasure. Now and then, when alone—when Rollo is alone in the dark, on the solitary road, after the wagon has broken down and his father has ridden on for help—they are touching. And Mr. Abbott understood perfectly the art of making his reader wish to find out what will happen next. P. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Function of the Church

SIR: You have rebuked Bishop Manning for saying that it is not the function of the Church to pass upon questions of the management of business. You say that if that is so, then the Church abdicates her claim to moral leadership.

Many might say what you say. What I cannot see is how you can say it. For it seems to me that week in and week out you are preaching doctrine that distinctly supports Bishop Manning and requires him to take just the stand he does.

The Church has a standing as a teacher of morality. It has this standing on the basis of the idea that moral principles have an intrinsic validity independent of circumstances. As a teacher of what course is best adapted to meet the exigencies of a given set of circumstances the Church has no standing. To acquire standing in this department she would have to turn from her present specialty to a different specialty, sacrificing her present standing in the uncertain hope of acquiring a different standing —a course rather less dignified, I think, than to abdicate her claims outright.

Now the Church might raise Cain with radicalism without going beyond her traditional sphere. She might, for instance, insist that it is a crime to shoot a man in order that we may avenge an insult, or may express our abhorrence of his wickedness, or may make some trade more lucrative. Then she might go on to say that this means not only that there must be no war with Mexico over oil, but also that no coast-guard shall shoot at smugglers who are merely trying to avoid the payment of duty. She might then announce the inference that when either an employer or a trade union is guilty of demanding tariff protection, this employer or trade union does not come with clean hands into any industrial dispute until it has publicly confessed itself a sinner in the matter of the tariff and has done works meet for repentance.

Or she might say that it is a grievous sin to allege the authority of the moral law in an issue that is not of a moral nature; and that therefore, for instance, when Joe Doe and others have furnished the capital and Richard Roe and others the labor for a certain industry, and there arises a dispute as to whether Doe etc. or Roe etc. shall have the management of the industry, it is a work of the devil for either side to claim that it has a sacred right against which the other side is committing an outrageous crime.

Obviously, if the Church began saying such things as these, it would keep clear of the curse which Scripture pronounces upon those of whom all men speak well.

But you, if I am not mistaken, are constantly decrying the idea of trying to base our actions on principles which are supposed to have eternal validity for all occasions. You teach that what we ought to do is to find what will best suit the needs of our time, and do this; and that any other policy is a pernicious error. According to you, if the Church wishes to make her moral leadership amount to something she ought to be in the business of deciding what is now a proper standard of living and how much money a person of ordinary discretion must have in order to make it probable that he will attain that standard.

If the Church is to make such decisions her business, why should she expect her utterances to be received with more deference than those of an average editor? What commission for the job of arbitrator can she show? STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

Have the Soviets Robbed Rumania?

SIR: In the issue of the New Republic of May 25th you refer approvingly to the British government's attitude toward the present rulers of Russia, which caused the British courts to sanction the exchange of British goods for Russian gold confiscated in Russia from previous owners.

"A very considerable part of the gold in possession of the Soviet government, approximately $120,000,000, belongs to Rumania. It is a part of the Rumanian gold reserve which was sent to Moscow for safe keeping before the revolution of 1917 when there was danger that it would fall into the hands of Germany." (Memorandum on Trade with Soviet Russia submitted to the Committee on Foreign Relations of the U. S. Senate, January, 1921, by John Spargo.)

According to such a conception of right as the world has aspired to heretofore that gold would be wrongfully held and used by the Soviet government and wrongfully received by those with whom that government exchanges it for gold.

In other words, the appropriation of that gold by the present rulers of Russia would be defined as theft and England accepting it would be a receiver of stolen goods.

Is one to understand that in the present reforming tendency sweeping the world such a conception of right has become obsolete?—If so, what is the new standard that supersedes it?

I am so interested in the broad and progressive views of the New Republic that I would be very glad for enlightenment on this question.

Cobham, Virginia. PIERRE TROUBETZKOY.

[What disposition the Soviet government has made of the Rumanian gold reserve we do not know. We should consider its confiscation highly reprehensible if Rumania had observed a correct attitude of neutrality toward the Russian internal struggle. As a fact, Rumania took advantage of the weakness of Russia to seize Bessarabia, which she still holds by force of arms. By the principle of nationality some part of Bessarabia should no doubt go to Rumania; but the seizure of the province was none the less an act of war. That question and the question of the Rumanian gold reserve should obviously be adjusted together in the negotiations for peace between the two countries. —THE EDITORS.]

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After the Play

ONLY with the end of the season does Deburau end. It trails behind it a shining cloud of admiration and from the critics a flood of praise. And yet it may be said, I think, that Deburau is a very bad production, and, unfortunately for us, one of the worst kinds of bad.

To begin with it is one of those plays that are all style. Without style through every detail of it, such a play falls apart, becomes false, evasive. And since it is not an American play, not like The First Year or Beyond the Horizon, but is Parisian all over, we must have it carried out, stated, with the Parisian sense of style in the production. If we are to give the room to a foreign importation we must get the benefit of seeing a quality stylized, the benefit of another culture. But Mr. Belasco's production shows scarcely any conception of what this style is or what would be taken for granted in any Paris theatre.

You can see the whole case in a nutshell among the pages of the program. Two pictures are there, one of Deburau himself, the other of Mr. Atwill in the same pose. Deburau's body is all alive, the foot out, the hand in the air, the face piquant and pathetic and whimsical, the whole moment arrested but vivid with inimitable vitality and life. It is the mime, the arch and shyly tragic fool, the dance of the ironical human comedy itself.

Guitry's play is Parisian, the poetry of the boulevards, full of ingenuity, theatricality, profound feeling, sorrow, and declamation. It has its own truth so long as it is kept together. It goes lightly on tiptoe, whatever may be the happiness or broken heart within it. It is the kind of thing in which the soul must be a little chic.

The acting qualities for all this are rare on our stage, however common in Paris. But nobody in the company seems concerned with that. And so the play at the Belasco turns out to be a romantic drama, now gay, now heavy, somewhat confused, not without delightful moments, but with two very weak acts and many speeches that sound false and tricky. You have to think hard to recognize what the play may really be.

Mr. Atwill enters very well and at the end recites well the pointed rhetoric of his advice to a young player. But otherwise he acts precisely as his picture in the pose of Deburau looks. The picture looks willing but sober. It is heavy, stale; it is hard-working, well-meaning but dull. There is morality and honest purpose and the best of intentions in this pious mass, but no vitality, no verve, nothing that is crisp or wistful or pathetic or fleeting, sensitive, droll. And no suggestion of style, though there is a good deal of mannerism. The other actors are as bad and worse; though Miss Coghlan's old school training makes her somewhat more in key with the play if out of key with the occasion.

Where they all give themselves away worst is in the scene where Deburau is ill and Camille comes to visit him, and the young son says he will "troi, father", and goes away to take his father's old place. Here in this scene is the test of acting in such a play: the muted harlequinade, the height of pantomime, tense and charged with the ebb and fire of that life that is struck down but goes on under the still surface of living. But Mr. Atwill does not exist at all when he sits there in his invalid's chair. He knows nothing to do and therefore he does not know how to be anything. Meanwhile Miss Mackaye's Camille wanders in off some magazine cover, wearing a very pretty hat, and goes out wearing it.

Before this scene comes that other in Camille's boudoir. The two lovers have been together and the moment is charged with spent passion, with Deburau's worship of beauty and Camille's acceptance of this familiar due, all set in the frailty of the luxurious place. The audience decides that the scene lacks dramatic structure. But what has really happened is that Mr. Atwill and Miss Mackaye sit there beside the piano like a brother and sister who have just been making out a Christmas list. They part. The new lover comes in, the last word in aristocracy we are to suppose, but now much tyrannized by his costume and good looks and very East Side English. He kneels at once and rather badly, and is accepted. But what would Monsieur Guitry decide about this suburban little party with crackers and milk? For Monsieur Guitry knows the grotesque and fantastic artificiality required to give truth to the speeches and unity to the atmosphere. He knows the mingled oddity and elegance to be achieved; the perpetual rhythm of vitality to be kept up throughout, the shrewd attentiveness and smart detail, the technical invention, the precision of voice and gesture.

Two things put the play over: the indestructible charm of the original, and the mechanics of the production. Obviously the stage end of it is very good indeed, though in no sense new or inventive. Except for that ridiculous and Edwardian spotlight on Deburau's face at the last, there is much to admire: the management of the theatre within the theatre, the footlights across the back of the stage, the thin curtain with the boy dancing behind it, the costumes. But to let this high Belascosity in management blind us to the flatness and lack of all style in the more important side of the production would be too bad. To do that is to substitute plumbing for art.

This is the most dangerous kind of thing in our theatre. It is smooth and enterprising platitude which holds us up, keeps us from even seeing what the idea really is. And in our American theatre most of all, this empty adequacy is bad. We are a new and progressive country that accumulates more skilfully than it spends. We produce better than we use. We run to a sort of bathtub civilization. If the hot water flows the apartment is successful, if the dumbwaiter does not creak we have a home. We may have fifteen miles of concrete walks in the village before we begin asking ourselves where they lead to. The worst faults in the theatre compared to this specious smoothness of Deburau at the Belasco become almost virtues, faults like ranting, lack of finish, prompting, amateurishness. These at least may have life in them. But this Deburau is only cold pudding in a tame and ingenious automat.

You can say this, too, without undervaluing the mechanical skill of the enterprise. Nor is anybody insisting on some new and original style of production. This Belasco perfection of chairs, tables, lights, cloths, programs and crowds is all admirable enough. You may like it, as Whistler said he liked the vase, because you can pick it up and set it down. Or you may wholly believe in this honest and faithful detail and recognize and admire the patience and theatrical knowledge that provide it. But all that, nevertheless, is not strong enough to give Deburau the style that it must have to make it art. And after all this sort of thing, this elaborate industry under Belasco and the late Beerbohm Tree, may be perfect and yet fairly unimportant. At best you can only call it the housekeeping school of production.

STARK YOUNG.

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American Criticism and Christian Science

The Cambridge History of American Literature. Vols. III. and IV. Edited by W. P. Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, Carl Van Doren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE concluding two volumes of The Cambridge History of American Literature begin with a chapter on Mark Twain and end with a chapter on the Amerind. Between the true original and the true aboriginal are many matters but not many masters. Without the first two volumes, and even with them, it is impossible to get the comprehensive view which the editors doubtless had in mind when they planned the four volumes. The preface to this section, or half, or division, though it softens censure and invites patience, does not give us our bearings. Volume III is Book III (continued): Later National Literature: Part II, and begins with Chapter VIII. Volume IV is Book III (continued): Later National Literature: Part III, pagination continuous from Vol. III, and ends with a chapter on the Aboriginal. I was about to set forth the proposition that beginning with Mark Twain, as these volumes begin, there are only three or four other outstanding figures in the history of American literature, Henry James, William James, Howells, and Hamilton Wright Mabie; and then having got safely past Jack London and George M. Cohan, I come to a chapter on Lincoln! It took a crowd of learned editors to make a confusion like that. American literature may be poor and sickly but it is not sprawled over time and space with its heels above its head.

Suppose we keep our chronological sense and begin with the generation of Samuel L. Clemens and Henry Adams and come down to the youngest men mentioned in these volumes, such as Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, and Powhatan, whose speech was not interrupted except by the carrying out of the dead body (see Vol. IV, Bk. III, Part III, Chap. xxxii, page 613). It is a dispiriting record. The dreariness is in part due to the editors, who, being doctors of philosophy and professors of literature, lack philosophic insight and a vital sense of literature and who have inevitably chosen as fellow-contributors their own unimaginative kind. The best chapters are those on subjects in which the professor is most at home and has an intellectual right to speak, such as history, education, philosophy, scholarship. As for the art of letters, even when these learned gentlemen have an interesting subject, such as Mark Twain and Henry James, they do their academic best to miss it, and their aim is good.

But on the whole the dullness of the essays is due largely to the flatness of the material and to the historian's obligation to include for the sake of completeness writers of no interest except to the historian and, to judge from the results, not of much interest to him. The middle and later years of the intellectual history of America cannot be matter for a luminous record because there are so few lights for the historian to reflect. There are some real lights—let us insist on that, lest we die of patriotic chagrin—one or two of first magnitude, and several of lesser power but of undeniable brilliance from the first "Beloved Twain" of the Zuñi Indians to Mr. Abraham Cahan. Not even professorial fog can extinguish them. Nevertheless the prevailing stupidity of these sections of this history is a quality inseparable from historical accuracy.

Is this unfair? I call as witness the author of one of the best chapters in these two volumes of this book, Dr. Morris R. Cohen, a Yankee historian who writes with perception and authority on Later Philosophy. He says: "An examination of the catalogues of American colleges will bear out the picture of dismal unenlightenment which Stanley Hall drew in 1879 of the state of philosophic teaching." And Dr. Cohen quotes Professor Gildersleeve's testimony that "in his youth positions as college teachers were generally given to those who had failed in missionary work abroad." Now philosophy, though a large part of human thought, perhaps the whole of it, is at the same time a special department and it is not a complete measure of the intellectual life of a nation. And colleges do not correspond exactly to either the best or the worst in the national mind as a whole. (Mark Twain, Howells and Lincoln owed nothing directly to colleges). Moreover, American colleges have without question improved since the youth of Professor Gildersleeve and the later youth of Dr. Hall, though, to judge from the volumes under inspection, some college professors of today might just as well be missionaries abroad. Yet the state of philosophy and the state of the university have something to do with the state of thinking in the surrounding territory. We have expert testimony that two generations ago and one generation ago two important regions of American thought were in darkness. Professor Hall writes in 1879. Two years later, in 1881, appeared the third, enlarged, edition of Mrs. Eddy's Science and Health. There must be some relation between adjacent obscurities, though, since they are obscurities, the relation may be difficult to see. Whatever the relation, there is nothing incongruous in the fact that a country whose intellectual history for fifty years shows so little courage and individuality is a country where illiterate religions flourish and publishers can be intimidated.

If report be true, the fourth volume of this Cambridge History has been withdrawn from circulation by the publishers on account of the objections raised by successors of Mrs. Eddy and Brigham Young to a chapter by Professor Woodbridge Riley on Popular Bibles. It is a happy accident that the sections of this history which contain Professor Riley's article should begin with a chapter on Mark Twain. For he paid his respects to the Mormons in Roughing It fifty years ago and to Mrs. Eddy in Christian Science, written toward the end of his life. He would have chuckled over Professor Riley's comments, for example the characterization of Mrs. Eddy as "the thrice-married female Trismegistus"; and he could have found the right words to express contempt for the weakness of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons and for the folly of the Christian Scientists in giving notoriety to an essay which, but for their ill-advised solicitude, might have slumbered almost unnoticed in the depths of a learned work.

Perhaps Mark Twain would have added a chapter to his Christian Science, compared to which Professor Riley's article is gentle and generous. But he would have had no occasion to revise his chapter on the Mormon Bible; after half a century that chapter has a deadly finality. The Mormon Bible, he says, is "an insipid mess of inspiration. It is chloroform in print. . . . Whenever he [Joseph Smith] found his speech growing too modern—which was about every sentence or two—he ladled in a few such Scriptural phrases as 'exceeding sore,' 'and it came to pass,' etc., and made things satisfactory again. 'And it came to pass' was his pet. If he had left that out, his Bible would have been only a pamphlet."

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Mark Twain was too powerful a man to be suppressed, even by Mrs. Clemens or by the memory of her after her hand was removed (*pace* Mr. Van Wyck Brooks). But he might well have softened some parts of Christian Science to the advantage of the argument. For he abuses his kingly power; he is sometimes a knight jousting in behalf of truth, but he is also sometimes a terrible giant. One cannot help feeling a little sympathy for the tyrannical priestess whose unlovely character he exposed and whose temple he tried to devastate.

Let the issues be clear. The merits and fallacies of Christian Science are not the chief question, really not even a subordinate question. If Mark Twain's book had never been published, if Professor Riley's article had never been published, the world would not be much poorer in wisdom, and probably the Church of Christ Scientist would not be richer by one dollar or one member. It is proverbial, whether true or not, that religions thrive on persecution; and superstition certainly does not yield either to a passionate satirical assault or to a dispassionate critical analysis. But the suppression of Professor Riley's article, after it was published, involves two principles, one of which concerns the intelligence of the censorship committee of the Christian Science organization and the other of which concerns the intelligence, backbone, and morals of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Christian Scientists are entirely right from an ethical point of view in using any influence they have, short of bribery and corruption, to promote the circulation of ideas favorable to their sect and prevent the circulation of ideas unfavorable to their sect. Every church, every party, every individual has the right to turn to private uses the power of the printed word and to try to ward off the power of the printed word when it seems to be in hostile hands. The Roman Catholic Church has for centuries maintained a sharp censorship. It may have killed some books that deserved to live. But the priests of the church, who are as a rule shrewd students of human nature, devote their efforts chiefly to the guidance of the faithful; and if they try to suppress a book of interest to the rest of us they go about their business in a quiet way and are not so fatuous as to give free advertising to something they wish to lock up in the Index Expurgatorius.

The Church of Rome is a wise old institution. The Church of Christ Scientist is an infant in time and in intelligence. Its censorship committee might have foreseen that the suppression of Professor Riley's article would spread news of it broadcast, and not the whole news, not the whole article in its proper place and proportion, but the most offensive phrases. It is not only contributors to critical weeklies like the Nation and the New Republic who will make something of this episode. An editorial note in Life, not at all unfriendly to the Christian Scientists, quotes the phrase that seems to have stuck hardest in the throats of Mrs. Eddy's followers: "thrice-married female Trismegistus." Dr. Frank Crane, whose syndicated sermons are consumed by multitudes, comes out boldly not against the Christian Scientists but in defense of freedom of criticism. The Christian Scientists have not heard the last of this business; they have started something which cannot help them, though, to be sure, it probably will do them little harm. They ought, however, for their own good, to put in charge of their vigilance committee men of elementary good sense. It ought to be possible to find such men in an organization which has included so many people, beginning with Mrs. Eddy, who have been successful in business and have had experience in commercial advertising.

The real offender is the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, who are guilty of pusillanimous conduct, of treachery to an honest critic, of violation of the right of free discussion. If they had had a little courage they would have refused to yield to the importunities of the Christian Scientists or any other sect. If they had been honest to their contributor, Professor Riley, they would have stood behind him on principle with all the prestige of an old and once honorable firm of publishers. Good business men should resent illegitimate interference with their business. Unfortunately these business men will not suffer the kind of punishment business men feel most keenly: loss of money. The episode has given the Cambridge History some extra advertising without expense except the trivial price of a little honor. There is to be a new edition of the fourth volume, without Professor Riley's chapter; and if there are any remaining copies of the suppressed edition, they may become rare, like early editions of Mrs. Eddy's works, and fetch a premium.

JOHN MACY.

Russia's Golden Age

The Memoirs of Count Witte. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

TO a reading public submerged in an ocean of literature on the horrors of the Soviet regime, the old regime of the Tsars is coming to look like a Golden Age. Accordingly they will no doubt anticipate a mild, if somewhat sad pleasure from a book by the man who was perhaps best qualified to give a true and sympathetic account of that regime. Count Witte's whole life was devoted to the service of the Tsars, and in the course of that service he held the most elevated offices and won for himself easily first place among the Russian statesmen of the last century. He was an honest man, and therefore was shamefully intrigued against by the wretched satellites of the Court and repeatedly subjected to contemptuous treatment by the Tsar. But his loyalty to the autocracy never wavered.

Count Witte is called Russia's great liberal statesman, but his liberalism deserves the name only in contrast to the black reaction that prevailed under Nicholas. To him autocracy seemed an ideal institution, for Russia. Under it the empire had grown prodigiously great, and would, he hoped, grow greater. He consistently opposed the revolutionary movement, and helped to make a futility of the constitution which Nicholas granted with such magnificent gestures. Even Stolypin of infamous memory was more favorable to a parliamentary regime. At any rate, Count Witte includes in his indictment of this politician "the embodiment of political immorality," who "ruled Russia by violating each and every law and who disdained no means, however reprehensible, to keep himself in power," the charge that "to please the Duma majority he intended to limit the Emperor's prerogatives, in contravention of the fundamental laws of the land."

For all his devotion to autocracy as such Count Witte had no illusions as to the character of the particular autocrat, Nicholas, whom an evil fate had thrust upon Russia at the time when she most desperately needed a man of

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force and intelligence. Count Witte pictures the Tsar as a man of childish vanity and egregious superstition, weak-willed and easily influenced by the worst schemers having access to him. Those Americans who have wept so many sympathetic tears over the obscure horror of the killing of Nicholas may profitably read the following anecdote:

> During my premiership (1906) I received a dispatch from Governor General Sologub describing the measures taken to suppress the uprising in the Reval district and requesting me to exert a moderating influence upon Captain Richter of the punitive expedition, who was executing people indiscriminately without the least semblance of legality. I submitted the dispatch to His Majesty, who returned it to me with the following words jotted down opposite the lines describing the Captain's bloody deeds: 'Fine! A capital fellow!'

To be sure, Nicholas was not ruined by his civil cruelties, his gross superstition nor the conceit that led him to surround himself with inferior men and to prefer the judgment of fools and sycophants. He was solidly enough established to survive such weaknesses and vices as these. It was war that put him to a test that he could not survive. Count Witte records from the Tsar's early years a thirst for military glory, a yearning to extend the dominions and influence of the empire. The Kaiser Wilhelm, Count Witte believes, deliberately schemed to involve the Tsar in Eastern complications when he seized Kiao Chau. To that extent the Kaiser was responsible for the Russo-Japanese war, with all the complications that followed in European international relations, culminating in the World War. But the Tsar needed very little urging. He was already casting covetous eyes upon the succession to the corrupt Chinese Empire.

The direct responsibility for the Russo-Japanese war lay with the Tsar. Count Witte did his best to keep his country from plunging into this disastrous adventure. When he saw that the Tsar and those having influence with the Tsar could not be held back, he retired from office. None the less the responsibility of getting favorable terms out of the victorious Japanese was imposed on him. But even when he was in America negotiating the peace of Portsmouth he was not free from the Tsar's meddling interference. It is worth noting, by the way, that the attitude of Roosevelt considerably complicated Witte's problem. Roosevelt was very impatient because Count Witte would not surrender Russian interests promptly enough or extensively enough to suit Roosevelt's theory of the character of the Japanese victory. Accordingly the President undertook to go over the head of the plenipotentiary and addressed his advice directly to the Tsar. Apparently, however, he accomplished no very serious mischief.

Count Witte himself was fundamentally an expansionist, and believed that the annexation of the major part of China was inevitable and desirable. But he wanted to strengthen Russia internally first of all. He dreamed of a condition of permanent peace in Europe, based on an understanding among Russia, Germany and France. Apparently he had won the Tsar to such a scheme and had half won the Kaiser, but Germany was not willing to pay the price of conciliating France. If the Tsar and Kaiser had possessed the requisite intelligence to put through Witte's plan, Europe could have cut down her military expenditures and thus have gained the resources, Witte suggested, to build immense navies to dominate the world. The idea was particularly pleasing to the Kaiser as a possible check upon the growing power of the United States. Americans who lament the chaos that has resulted from the overthrow of the autocrats might consider for a moment the consequences that would have followed such an alliance of the European land Powers as would sooner or later have been effected if revolution had not swept the autocrats away. As an offset to the suffering and losses produced by the revolutions we ought to place the removal of the menace of Wilhelm's dream implied in his message from "the Admiral of the Atlantic to the Admiral of the Pacific." An abler Tsar and a shrewder Kaiser might have realized that dream.

Count Witte did not live to see the outbreak of the revolution. There are, however, scattered indications in his book that he feared some such upheaval. He distrusted the Russian masses, both the peasants, with their very vague ideas of property, and the city workers with their tendency toward socialism. He detested the bureaucracy and he had no confidence in the disinterestedness and patriotism of the aristocracy and upper middle class. The liberalism which some members of those classes affected seemed to Count Witte a mere pose. "It is noteworthy that the nobility was willing to share the public pie with the middle class, but neither of these classes had a sufficiently keen eye to notice the appearance on the historical stage of a powerful rival, who was numerically superior to both and possessed the advantage of having nothing to lose. No sooner did this hitherto unnoticed class, the proletariat, approach the pie than it began to roar like a beast which stops at nothing to devour its prey. . . . When the nobility and the bourgeoisie beheld the beast, they began to fall back, or rather face to the right . . . In a word, for a hundred years the nobility had dreamed of a constitution, but for itself alone. When they discovered that the constitution could by no means be a nobleman's constitution, they embraced the political faith of scoundrels like Dubrovin, Purishkevich, and other Black Hundred leaders."

If Count Witte had set out to predict the course of events in the revolution to follow Russia's exhaustion by war, he would have needed only to change the tenses in this statement. Miliukov and John Spargo and William English Walling may break their hearts because the middle class did not succeed in nosing the proletariat away from the pie. But the historical fact is that the middle class did not have snouts enough to do it. The middle class had its chance under the autocracy, in the First and Second Dumas. It hoped to gain one point and then another until it could establish parliamentarism after the western model. It failed miserably. And when it had not the forces to keep a decadent autocracy from sapping away its foundations, what hope could it have had of controlling the triumphant and turbulent proletariat? Bolshevism, or something even more anarchistic in bourgeois eyes, was bound to seize power, because after the Tsar there was nothing else in Russia that amounted to anything.

Count Witte's book is one which no student of the background of the Russian revolution can afford to ignore. It offers, besides, an illuminating portrait of a statesman. Count Witte's judgments on his contemporaries are crisp and telling, but these are less interesting than they would have been five years ago. For all those names sound remote in our ears, like the names of Russian military heroes in Byron's stanzas on the exploits of Suwarow. The Revolution has plowed them under. And on the whole, it was no great loss.

A. J.

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The Life of a Simple Man

The Life of a Simple Man, by Emile Guillaumin. Translated by Margaret Holden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

EMILE GUILLAUMIN began as a French peasant. He was born the son of a métayer—a farmer who works a landlord's acres for half their profit. This story, the biography of one Etienne—orTiennon—Bertin, métayer himself, is more likely the story of his own father, with much of his own life in it too. The story of a simple man, a man who has passed all his days in one country busy about corn, fields, grain, weather, cows, swine, women, children, and their inconstancies, their good or evil fortunes, it is a simple story of hard toil, without great joy, or great sadness.

From his earliest days Tiennon knows what work is. At seven he takes the sheep to pasture, at nine, in rain or sun, he watches the pigs all the long days—days of wet weather, of solitary companionship with hungry animals,—they find him a child with no dreams and terrors, neither wild nor tame. They are rye bread days, and for him the golden crust of white bread is as rare and desirable as the fleece of Jason.

At last Tiennon makes a bundle of his clothes, takes his sickle and his scythe, leaves home to go to work for himself; marries casually, simply, with affection rather than passion; rents a bit of land, two cows, a wheel barrow; spends months breaking stones. Children are born to him; he flails the grain, digs the potatoes. More summers and winters pass, lean or favorable, bringing with them a few hundred francs profit or hail big as partridge eggs to wipe it away again. A cow dies; Tiennon breaks his leg. More children, more work. His mother dies. The war of '70 comes, and his boys have to go.

At the end of twenty years at La Creuserie, he is no better off than when he began. When the rent is raised, Tiennon cannot pay it. Fifty-five now, old and weary, a little stiff, his hair a little white, he plucks himself up by the roots from his soil into which he has buried the daily strength of his limbs.

And now, for the first time, Tiennon says, "I began to reflect on life; how cruelly stupid and dull it was for poor people like us. Never any pleasure; work! work! always work! The winter passes away, the fine days return. We must profit quickly by them to sow the oats, to harrow for the wheat, to dig. April comes . . . all very beautiful for those who have the leisure to enjoy it, but for us it means only that we must hurry . . . with planting the potatoes. May arrives, the farmers' 'merry month of May' . . . we must break up the fallow land, clean the ditches, dig again. It is June . . . there are flowers and nests everywhere . . . but we have to rise at three o'clock to do the mowing. Then July, with its days of warm languor . . . how good to do nothing . . . But for us there is no leisure . . . In great haste we have to finish the hay; the rye ripens. . . . August: threshing, manure, digging. September: the days shorten; let us lengthen them. . . . . Winter, the quiet season. The season of quiet, but not of rest. There is still work in plenty—digging, watching, trenching . . . hedges to cut, trees to prune . . . the cattle to care for."

These are not the words of a rebel, for as soon as Tiennon begins talking about ploughing, cattle, the garden, he forgets his complaint, and one sees how much these things are a part of him, and how bored he would be if he had nothing to do. He knows his lot is hard, but life tastes good on the whole, for he is a craftsman, and pride in his work keeps down his discontent. The question of what right the landlords have to own the land his sweat makes fruitful for them is dimly in the back of his head. For politics, Socialism, the Republic, fortune, are only ghosts on the rim of a real world of new-ploughed earth and sick cows and children to be fed.

There is little art in Guillaumin's story—and what art there was in its simple language has not survived an awkward, lifeless translation. Tiennon does not see life in sharp detail; he gives us no clear picture of the country he knew nor of its people, for he is not at all self-conscious. All the better for that: time for us to realize that millions of people see the world in his way, and remember it as a series of not very pointed or poignant anecdotes, a chronology of seasons, crops, peaceful deaths, monotonous inconveniences. Tiennon's art, like his temperament, is plodding, healthy, unmysterious, never in ecstasy, yet not quite melancholy. And so his story, like a slice of his own rye bread, is neither sweet nor bitter.

This peasant biography is not an epic of the soil; it is not a great lamentation; but the simple story of one of Job's ten thousand brothers, of lesser but constant misery, who have been silent all these centuries. R. L.

Selected Current Books

Out of My Life, by Marshal von Hindenburg. Harpers.
An attempt not "to write an historical work, but rather to interpret the impressions under which my life has been spent and to define the principles on which I have considered it my duty to think and act."

Immigrant Health and the Community, by Michael M. Davis, Jr. Harpers.
The fifth volume in a series of Americanization studies.

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